

THE LADY'S

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY.

VOL. IX.]

Saturday, September 23, 1809.

[NO. 22.]

LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

THE Marchioness de Gange was the daughter and only child of M. de Roussan, of Avignon, in France, and was heiress to the property of her grandfather, which amounted to half a million of livres. Previous to her marriage, she was called Mademoiselle de Chateaublanc, which was the name of one of her estates. In the year 1649, being then only thirteen, she was married to the Marquis de Castellanne, who was not less distinguished for the excellent qualities of his head and heart, than for his illustrious birth, and personal advantages. His youthful wife became one of the greatest beauties of the age. Her portrait was painted by the celebrated Miguard, who, on account of his long residence at Rome, went by no other name than Miguard, the Roman, and this performance was accounted one of the master-pieces of that artist. With such transcendent charms, Madame de Castellanne united such sweetness of disposition, and such grace in every thing she did, as rendered her irresistibly fascinating.

Her beauty made a strong im-

pression on Louis XIV. who was then in the first flower of youth, and who spoke of her in the warmest terms of admiration. The celebrated Christina, Queen of Sweden, was just at that period at the French court, and declared that in all the countries which she had visited, she had not met with a female who could be compared with the beautiful *Provençale* (the appellation by which Madame Castellanne was universally known), and that, had nature made her of the other sex, she would have devoted her heart and affections to that engaging woman.

The excellence of the character of Madame de Castellanne corresponded with the charms of her person. Her understanding was rather sound than brilliant. She was fond of social intercourse, and her heart never failed to sympathize in the misfortunes of others.

Her husband was commander of one of the French galleys which were wrecked in the Sicilian sea, and lost his life on that occasion. Domestic affairs soon afterwards summoned the Marchioness to Avignon. There the fair widow was soon surrounded with admirers, whom her charms and be-

large fortune chained at her feet. Love declared in favour of M. de Lenide, Marquis de Gange, Baron de Languedoc, and Governor of St. Andre, a young man of good abilities, and of a most respectable family. No match could appear more suitable. At the period of their union, in 1658, the Marchioness was twenty-two, and her husband, who was two years younger, was considered the handsomest man in the province. The first years of their marriage was crowned with happiness. The Marquis scarcely ever quitted his wife, to whom he was most tenderly attached, and the felicity of the Marchioness centered in a husband whom she adored. Two children a son and daughter, were the pledges of their mutual affection.

Such was the enviable situation of this happy family for a considerable time, till at length the Marquis began to be weary of domestic seclusion, and to seek society abroad. His wife, to enliven the solitude in which she was left by the absence of the Marquis, paid visits and received company. Though she carefully avoided those persons of the other sex, on whom her beauty seemed to make an impression, yet all her discretion could not protect her from the jealousy of her husband. He was, indeed, himself ashamed of his weakness, and sensible of the injustice of his suspicions; but they had at length the effect of souring his temper. The domestic hap-

piness which the Marchioness had once enjoyed, was now converted into grief, and the former attentions of her husband into unkindness and severity.

The Marquis de Gange had three brothers. The eldest was the Count de Gange, Colonel of a regiment of dragoons. The second, the Abbe de Gange, who acts a principal part in the sequel of this history, possessed great abilities, which he exerted only in accomplishing plans of villainy. He was familiar with every kind of depravity, and though he belonged to no ecclesiastical order, he had assumed the habit, thinking it the best cloak to conceal his excesses from the eyes of the world. Of an imperious disposition, he was desirous of reducing every thing to a conformity with his will and his sentiments. At the same time he was violent in his passions, and capable of perpetrating the greatest enormities. What rendered him particularly dangerous, was his cunning and his incredible proficiency in the art of dissimulation. Nobody could appear more honorable, more amiable, more obliging, more insinuating, than he, when it suited his purpose.

The Chevalier de Gange was a man of inferior capacity, made to be guided by others, and to pursue the path of virtue or vice according to the bias his mind received from those with whom he associated. His brother, the Abbe, go-

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verned him with arbitrary sway. He did not even take the trouble to explain the reasons why he imposed on him this or that injunction. But he had the art to conceal from the Chevalier the power which he exercised over him, so that the latter imagined that he acted from his own impulse, while in fact, he was only the puppet of the Abbe.

This artful villain had likewise contrived to gain an ascendancy over the mind of the Marquis. He had inspired him with such an idea of his personal attachment, and of his extraordinary abilities, that the Marquis had entrusted him with the management of his estates, and the care of keeping up the splendour of his house. In a word, the Marquis was only the nominal, while the Abbe was the real master of his possessions.

When the Abbe had brought things to this pass, he took up his residence, together with the Chevalier, in the house of their brother. No sooner did he enjoy an opportunity of closely contemplating the charms of his sister-in-law, than he conceived the most violent passion for her. As he was not accustomed to restrain his passions, and moreover flattered himself that, with the authority which he had acquired in his brother's house, the Marchioness was completely in his power, he gave full scope to this dreadful inclination.

He resolved to commence his attacks, by endeavouring to insinuate himself into her good graces. He so thoroughly satisfied the Marquis respecting the virtue and fidelity of his wife, that the latter restored to her his confidence and esteem. The Abbe was solicitous that his sister-in-law should know to whom she was indebted for the return of her former felicity, and therefore took an opportunity to inform her that it was his work, and the effect of the power which he possessed over her husband, whose will and passions he could guide as he pleased. The Marchioness was very sorry to owe such an important obligation to a man for whom, at the very first sight, she had conceived an insuperable aversion. Though ignorant of his character, she had formed a correct opinion of it, and was afraid that he would make a bad use of the service he had rendered. What tended to confirm her in this apprehension was, his having himself taken care to acquaint her with the circumstance; for to mention a kindness you have performed, is the same thing as to demand an acknowledgment for it.

She thanked him in that tone of empty compliment which is rather the expression of customary civility, than of the sentiments of the heart, but with such coldness that it was easy to perceive how little the latter were connected with the words that fell from her lips.

The Abbe was vexed that he had not succeeded in his design to inspire his sister-in-law with gratitude, as he calculated that this sentiment would pave the way to others of a more tender kind. His vanity however persuaded him that he should attain this object more readily by his personal efforts ; but all his gallantries and attentions, all the flattering things with which he endeavoured to season his conversation, experienced no other return than indifference and common civility. At length he resolved to declare himself without reserve, that he might know what he had to expect.

The Marchioness went to spend a few days at the country-seat of one of her friends ; the Abbe followed her thither. He was universally known to be excellent company, and was received with joy. The desire of pleasing his sister-in-law made him still more amiable than usual.

The ladies resolved to partake in the diversion of hunting. The Abbe offered to perform the part of groom to the Marchioness. He sought and found an opportunity of conversing with her unmolested. He then began to make an ingenious declaration of his passion ; but not accompanied with that timid reserve which is the inseparable attendant of genuine love. The Marchioness shewed no signs of anger ; this would perhaps have given the audacious Abbe room

for hope ; but she assumed the cold air and tone which betrayed contempt, or at least indifference. " You may conceive," replied she, " how such a woman as I am, and as you know me to be, must receive such a compliment. Say to yourself what I ought to say to you, and spare me the trouble."

The Abbe, stung to the quick with this reproof, assumed a different tone. " Do you know, Madam," said he, " that your happiness is in my hands, and that it depends only upon me to make you the most wretched creature in the universe. The happiness you now enjoy is my work, and I can destroy it again. If your own peace and mine be dear to you, take care not to make us enemies. Return my tenderness, and then you may depend on serene and happy days."

" If you have loved me, Sir," rejoined the Marchioness, " now learn to esteem me. Melancholy as the prospects are which your menaces present to my view, still I would rather sacrifice my happiness and peace, than purchase them at the expence of my virtue. I must besides confess that if I were capable of such weakness, you would be the last person for whose sake I should be guilty of it."

The concluding words humbled the lover, without curing him of his passion, or inducing him to desist from his pretensions. When

he had recovered from his surprise, he took fresh courage and new hope, flattering himself that by redoubling his politeness and attentions, he should at length shake the virtue of the Marchioness. The latter, therefore continued to enjoy her happiness, though her antipathy to its author had sustained no diminution, and carefully avoided all opportunities of seeing him alone.

The Chevalier, on his part, was not less enamoured than his brother ; but the mildness of his character rendered his society more agreeable to the Marchioness ; she even made him the confidant of many things which interested her heart. At the same time the sentiment she felt for him had no resemblance to love, but the comparison which she made in her mind between the Chevalier and the Abbe, was entirely to the advantage of the former.

This affability of his sister-in-law, gave him some hopes. The Abbe kept an attentive eye on both ; he at first conceived that the Chevalier had gained the good graces of the Marchioness, but soon discovered that he had no more chance of subduing her virtue than himself. He foresaw that the power which he possessed over the Chevalier would run the risk of being diminished by his passion. He therefore had recourse to stratagem, and thus addressed him :—" We are both

in love with our brother's wife ; let us not stand in each other's way ; I am the master over my passion, and can sacrifice it to you. But after you have tried your fortune, if you fail of success, desist, and make room for me ; let us promise not to fall out about a woman." They gave each other their hands, and the contract was ratified.

The Chevalier having got rid of such a formidable rival, redoubled his efforts to gain the favour of the Marchioness. She accepted his civilities and attentions, till she began to suspect his motives ; but no sooner did she discover them, than she behaved to him with such coldness, that the Chevalier had not the courage to acknowledge his passion. Despairing of ever being able to overcome the aversion of his sister-in-law, he took the resolution to smother his passion, and resign his place to the Abbe, who encouraged him in his determination, and contrived to exasperate him to such a degree, that hatred succeeded the love which had reigned in his bosom.

The Abbe, who had never relinquished his design, and who had only dissembled in order to await the issue of the attempts of the Chevalier, now adopted a totally different course. He thought he would try what success he should have if he made the Marchioness unhappy. She often

sited at a house where she met a young gentleman, whose society afforded her pleasure. Conscious of no improper motives, she tho't it no harm to suffer him to sit by her, and to enter into conversation with her in the presence of the whole company. Of this circumstance, the Abbe availed himself, to excite suspicion in his brother, respecting the virtue of his wife. This innocent pleasure he so misrepresented, that the Marquis, without listening to what she had to say for herself, treated her in the harshest manner, descended even to blows, and shut her up. She suspected who was the occasion of this cruel usage, but did not venture to open the eyes of her husband, who, indeed, had she attempted it, would not have believed her.

(To be continued.)

From the Delaware Gazette.

HYMENEAL COURT.

Conclusion of the important trial of
SHIVER, versus CURID.

The Attorney for the defendant then arose and concluded the arguments on this action, nearly as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jury,

The charges exhibited to this honorable court against my client, the defendant in this action, I confess are both heavy and well sub-

stantiated—but it is highly necessary that we take a fair and impartial view of the *other side of the question*; for it is an old and correct maxim, "that one story is always good until the other is heard."

The first evidence given in this case serves to prove the harmlessness of the plaintiff, and the manner in which he pass'd his life prior to the memorable day in which he sallied out "a shopping"—thereby endeavouring to shew that judgment should pass against the defendant, more especially as he had *assaulted* (as it is termed) an "inoffensive man," than if he had assaulted a vain, mischievous fellow.

I ask this honorable court whether it is consistent with common sense or justice, that a man should be made to pay heavier damages for doing injury to a *harmless*, than to an inoffensive man? If a man kills what is termed a *bad man*, does not the law inflict upon the murderer, the sentence of *death*? What more must a murderer suffer for killing a *good man*? Must he, like what the celebrated George Buchanan said, be *shot*, and then *whip'd to death* through a regiment? No—Death is *all* that can be inflicted. Then away with such vain notions, as endeavouring to work upon the feelings of this honourable jury, by representing Squire Shiver as such a spotless creature!

The next evidence endeavours to prove the *assault*. It runs thus : "At the instant that she (the amiable and bewitching creature, in sweet sixty !) entered the store, the mischievous defendant (as he is always ready to annoy the happiness of mankind) drew his bow, and lodged one of his keenest arrows in the plaintiff's fluttering heart." Here we have, what is alledged to be, the harbinger, or moving cause of all the plaintiff's miseries—and pretty stuff it is.

This is, perhaps, the first time that ever a person was arraigned at the bar of this court for exercising what is, undoubtedly, his prerogative—nay, his *very duty*. Is it not universally acknowledged, that the defendant in this action is the God of Love ? Consequently he has *absolute* authority over mankind, and can pierce a heart with his arrow when and where he pleases. But suppose, for argument sake, that he was *not* endowed with absolute authority ; and that he, only by chance, or by way of amusement, would now and then set an old or young bachelor or maid "*all befuddled*,"—is *he*, or *they* to blame ? I answer, most certainly the latter—for although he might *assault*, they might *resist*. It does not follow that as Cupid is endowed with power to discharge his arrows of love, that he is also endowed with the power of making whoever he thus visits "run roaring mad." No—In nine times out of ten, the person *cupid-*

ed might either wholly resist, or bear his shock with firmness. As the gentleman attorney in favor of the prosecution has thought proper to quote from authors to substantiate his argument, I will take the liberty to do the same, and from the same report he has quoted. Though I might have quoted from other authors, facts more relevant, yet the one contained in the *same* reports, is sufficient to counteract what he has produced.

Pr'ythee, Cupid, hence—desist—
Why should I increase the list
Of boys, whose sole delight consist
In kissing, and in being kiss'd ?

Starlight eyes, and heaving snows,
Lips, young rivals of the rose,
Rounding limbs, and folding arms,
Dreams of undiscover'd charms,

Bound their witchery once about me ;
But, their prisoner now is free,
Since on every side I see,
There are fools enough without me !

Pr'ythee, Cupid, hence—desist—
Why should I increase the list ?

Here we have an instance of a person firmly resisting the assaults of the defendant in this action—and would it not be more prudent for any one who may have received an arrow from this defendant, to well consider on whose account that arrow was discharged. If, upon thorough examination, they found the object worthy of their *solid love*, then should they encourage such affection ; but should the object be unworthy, then resist every piercing arrow of Cupid.

I now ask this honourable court whether they seriously believe Cupid is accountable for the damages the plaintiff in this action has sustained? I presume the answer will be given in the negative.

As the attorney for the plaintiff took upon himself the trouble of mustering up stories about *other folks*, I suppose I may be indulged in the same. How many hundreds—nay, thousands of sons and daughters of men, are indebted to this same Cupid for happiness! How many have reason to bless the *Supreme Ruler of all*, that love was given to the children of men to sweeten their days!

The Jury then retired—and in twelve minutes returned a verdict, "*No cause of action*,"—and the defendant was dismissed.

SIMON SCRIBBLE.

ON THE
OCCUPATION OF THE MIND.

MR. EDITOR.

It has been remarked by Goldsmith, and undoubtedly by many others, that "*without applying the attention to study and observation in youth, we often become weary of our existence, before the approach of old age*." In that case the uniformity of our existence, the poverty of our ideas, and the limited resources of our entertainments, must undoubtedly have a

very prejudicial effect on the mind; but when we have so many opportunities of storing the same with an infinity of ideas, both connected and unconnected, it is certainly our own fault, if, at any period of our lives, we are without a *subject* to engage the mind, especially as study not only affords us a fund of mental pleasure, but ennobles our nature, extends our faculties, and leads us on from the most trivial observations, to the most elevating and instructive contemplations.

To render the mind capable of enjoying literary occupation, I would advise temporary seclusions from the embarrassing occupations of public life; not that total seclusion which poisons the mind of the hermit with misanthropy, or that which enchains the monk to superstition, bigotry, and error; but that peaceful retirement, that pleasing enjoyment, which is to be found in a rural walk, a happy fire-side, an entertaining library, or an instructive study.

Surely we cannot complain of the poverty of mental resources, when we can say to ourselves, "we have arts, we have sciences, we have books, and many other resources of pleasure for the philosophic mind," and, notwithstanding our fluctuating dispositions, in *childhood*, we can please ourselves with a variety of simple toys, and from thence to the more rational period of our existence, we can

fly from subject to subject, from study to study, and when the eye becomes dim with age, we shall find the good effects of a philosophic *manhood*, in the pleasing retrospection of *old age*. In short, *study* I cannot too fervently recommend. *Study*, the votaries of *happiness* cannot too eagerly pursue. *Study* will direct us in our researches after *truth* (the noblest occupation of the mind.) *Study* will teach us to place a true estimation on things in which we had before placed too little, or too great a value. The fairy regions of *fancy*, and the illuminated paths of *truth* and *reason*, are alike open for her *entertainment* and *instruction*; these are her rewards *to-day*. *To-morrow*, a wreath of never-fading flowers, nurtured by her hand, shall rival the perishable bust, which admiration raises to her memory.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

The following interesting anecdote respecting this great Monarch, and truly patriotic hero, is related by Mr. Ker Porter, who has added to his high reputation as an artist, by a very considerable display of literary merit, in a very intelligent and amusing work, which does honor to his talents and character. The author, who with laudable enthusiasm, visited the spot in Delacarii, where that great monarch sought a refuge from the

Danish usurper, obtained the subjoined narrative, and the tradition is so exact, and derived from such respectable sources, as to admit of no doubt of its authenticity. After describing the place in general, he says :—

“ On the little hill just mentioned, stood a very ancient habitation; of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind’s cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consisted of a long barn-like structure, formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtue of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country.—The following are the circumstances alluded to; and most of them were communicated to me under the very roof.

“ Gustavus, having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, and after having been narrowly betrayed by a Swedish nobleman, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Pearson or Peterson, whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of

friendship, nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus, than that Prince was for himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the Mountaineers: and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

"Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country; and endeavoured by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompence for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Pearson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity; he named the gentlemen, and the leading persons among the peasants, whom he hoped to engage in the enterprize. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any one while he was absent, soon afterwards, saw him leave the house, to put his design in execution.

"It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriv-

ing his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this son of Judas resolve to sacrifice his honor to his ambition, and for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance to that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. After committing this treachery, he had not courage enough to face his victim, and telling the Dane how to surprize the Prince, who, he said, believed himself to be under the protection of a friend (shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!)—he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure.—"It will be an easy matter," said he, "for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus."

"Accordingly the officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her, sat a young man in a rustic garb, looping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he come in king Christern's name to demand

the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man, whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers.—In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise. "If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of those soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him."

"The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner; and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed in an angry voice,

"Unmannerly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!"—As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side door, "there, get into the scullery," cried she, "it is the fittest place for your company!" and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. "Sure," added she, in a great heat, "never wo-

man was plagued with such a lout of a slave."

"The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account; but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour, while she brought some refreshments. The Dane civilly complied: perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew, and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to a certain little apartment, which projecting from the side of the house close to the banks of the lake where the fishermen's boats lay, she lowered him down the convenient aperture in the seat, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence."

VARIETY.

As a countryman was sowing his field, two Bucks happened to be riding by, one of whom, thinking to make a little fun with the old *put*, (as they styled him) called out to him, "well, honest neighbour, it is you that sow, but it is we that reap the fruit." "Mayhap it may be so, master, (quoth the farmer) there is many a true word spoke in jest, for I am sowing HEMP."

A gentlemen lately called on an Occulist, to consult him about his eyes, which of late had become very weak. He found him over a bottle of wine. "Would you be entirely cured," said the jolly eye-doctor, "you must wholly abstain from wine." "I will, (replied the patient,) but it seems to me your eyes are full as bad as mine, and yet you drink pretty freely." "True," said the other, "because *I prefer good wine to good eyes.*"

Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, whilst accompanying a caravan, in which there were the natives of thirty different nations bordering on Ethiopia, procured a translation of part of Solomon's Song, from each language; he observed a striking similarity in many parts of these translations, particularly in the word answering to "kiss," which was the same in them all. Having mentioned this to a certain bonny Duchess, [Gordon] she archly retorted, "I always told you, Mr. Bruce, that kissing is the same, all the world over."

DROLL MISTAKE.

Some time ago, a certain great man gave a grand gala to the members of the volunteer corps in his neighbourhood, all of whom attended in *full uniform*; among the rest, his lordship's *taylor* was pre-

sent, whom the host described, and coming up to him, said, "My dear sir, how do you do? I beg your pardon—I forget your name, but I perfectly recollect seeing you somewhere before." The taylor was a little confounded by this particular notice, and as the best way of making himself remembered, whispered, "*I made your breeches.*" The gentleman, thinking the taylor had informed him his name, turned round, and took him by the hand, exclaiming, "*Major Bridges* I am happy to see you."

RETORT COURTEOUS.

An honest, simple Irishman, a short time since, landed on one of the quays of Liverpool, in search of harvest work. A fellow on the quay, thinking to quiz the poor stranger, asked him, "How long, Pat, have you broke loose from your father's cabin? and how do potatoes eat now?" The Irish lad, who happened to have a *shelalah* in his hand, answered, "O, they eat very well, my jewel, would you like to taste the *stalk*? and knocking down the enquirer, coolly walked off.

CURE FOR THE VAPORS.

A servant maid went to a lady of quality, to hire herself in the capacity of house-maid. Pray, my lady, says the girl, who is to rub the furniture, the footman or

me? Neither, replies her ladyship, I do it every day myself, for the sake of my health; and wish other ladies of quality would do the same, to cure them of the vapors, which proceed entirely from habits of inactivity and indolence.

This is an example well worthy of imitation, in the present age of luxury and dissipation.

Dr. Johnson was in company with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take little notice. "Why, Doctor, (said the lady) I believe you are not very fond of the company of ladies." "You are mistaken, (replied he) I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and above all, I like their *silence*."

FRAGMENT.

Among the many satires upon that species of writing, which the moderns term *elegance of style*, we recollect to have seen none very similar to the following.

B. Mirror.

Spectres wan, and birds of boding cry.

GRAY.

*****THE refulgent *queen* of day had just reclined her languid head on the bosom of the western horizon; but still a transient ray lingered on the ancient railings of a *fig-stye*; whose bristled inhabitants, "with untaught harmony," hailed the approach of her, whose

bounteous hand poured forth the remnant of a plenteous meal. What an interesting scene to the heart of sensibility! the affectionate mother viewed her benefactress with eyes "that spoke the feelings of the soul:" the youthful objects of her maternal care stood mute beside her, while their tongues, (which were employed in sipping the salubrious draught,) denied the power of utterance! What a subject for the pencil of a Raphael!

Here the swiftest current (that dashed in impetuous torrents from the wide mouth of an overturned *washing-tub*;) wound its mazy course adown the verdant mead; where in tall majesty the nodding flower, which boasts a semblance on the face of Sol, "lifts its undaunted head in all its glory!"—And now o'er nature's face, *pale* vesper draws her *sombre* veil! The silver orb of night mounts her light chariot, and ascends her throne. Far, far beyond those rocks and hills, "that rise in grand perspective," stands an ancient edifice, now tumbling to decay: many a year has seen it lift its peaked roof, full ten feet from the ground; now by relentless time, and idle school-boys, rifled of its *shingles*, of which the truants form the bat "to urge the flying ball:" Beware! (unguarded traveller) beware! "nor tempt the dang'rous gloom"—for here, such sounds are heard—such sights are seen—"twould make your blood to freeze with horror!"—Here *phantoms*—

*shells** take their nocturnal round—with flaming eyes, that mock the lustre of the moon; “making night hideous!” and as they flash—ing turn, “grin horribly a ghastly smile!” while sulphurous flames roll from their gaping jaws “which breathe blue fire!”—Description now must fail!

LONDON AUGUST FASHIONS,
For Ladies.

Walking costume.

A vestal robe of the finest Indian muslin or cambric, with a border of lace or needle work round the feet, and continued up the front. An Austrian spencer, with carmelite hood, composed of white or silver-grey satin, or of Paris net, with an appliqued border of French lace or Chinese trimming, confined at the throat with a silk chord and tassel. A corneillian cross, suspended from a gold elastic chain. French watch, worn on the outside of the robe; the seals disposed in the centre of the bosom, by way of broach. Parasol corresponding with the spencer. Shoes and gloves of lemon-coloured kid.

Child's dress.

A frock of fine cambric, with small tucks round the bottom. An

* The *Tankee* reader need not be informed that this is an allusion to the custom of carrying on a staff, a lantern made of an eviscerated pumpkin, on the rim of which, rude figures are carved

Andalusian cosaque, or short coat, of the same, ornamented with a *jonquille*, or lemon-coloured border. A long silk throat-scarf, of the same colour, tied loosely at the bosom, and finished with rich tassels. A spanish hat of imperial chip, or plaited straw. Gloves and slippers the same colour as the scarf.

Promenade Dresses,
No. 1.

A petticoat of cambric, bordered with needle-work at the bottom. An Egyptian vest of the same, with correspondent border, in primrose or straw colour. Drawn tucker of French lace, finished at each edge with the same style of border. A *Provincial bonnet* of fine moss or satin straw, ornamented with a cluster of the double stock in front. Austrian scarf, of light blue sarsnet, tastefully disposed across the back and shoulders; the ends finished with gold or silver tassals. Shoes and parasol to correspond with the scarf. Gloves of York tan.

No. 2.

A cambric petticoat, richly bordered at the feet in needle-work and vandyke lace. An *Andalusian cosaque* of spot sarsnet, edged round the bosom, and at the feet and wrists, with the same, and tied down the front with bows, and ends of white silk cord. A convenient veil, of French lace, thrown back, so as to display the hair in front, which appears divided on the fore-

head, and flowing in irregular ringlets on each side of the face.—Opera glass, with gold Venetian chain. Parasol and slippers corresponding with the coat. Gloves of lemon-coloured kid.

MARRIED,

On Saturday morning last, by the rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. John L. Lefferts, of New-Utrecht, L. I. to Miss Catherine Benson, eldest daughter of Robert Benson, Esq. of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Wm. Keth, James Oakley, Esq. to Miss Jane Sandford, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Kuyfers, Mr. James Heaton, to Miss Mary Fassett, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, on the 14th inst. by Jacob Baker, Esq. Mr. Joshua G. Harker, merchant, to Miss Martha Smith, of Mount Holly, New-Jersey, daughter of Mr. Daniel Smith.

At Hudson, on Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Sears, Mr. Gardner Jenkins, to Miss Eunice Bingham, both of that place.

At Philadelphia, on the 14th inst. by the rev. Dr. Egan, Mr. Thomas Hurley, Jun. merchant, to Miss Ann Carroll, daughter of Mr. John Carroll.

On Tuesday evening, 12th inst. by the rev. Dr. Grey, Mr. Ambrose Walker, Printer, and Bookseller, of Brunswick, New-Jersey, to Miss Sarah Snyder, of Philadelphia, daughter of George A. Snyder, Esq. deceased.

On Thursday, the 14th inst. at Lemmon-Hill, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, James H. Durdass, Esq. to Miss Ann Maria Pratt.

Also, at the same time and place, Thomas M^r Kean, Jun. Esq. to Miss Sarah Pratt, both daughters of Henry Pratt, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On Monday, at Greenbush, by the rev. John E. Zabriskie, Mr. Abraham H. Witbeck, to Miss Harriet Van Rensselaer, daughter of Nicholas Van Rensselaer, Esq. both of the above place.

DIED,

On Saturday morning last, George Clinton, Jun. Esq.

At the Pass of Christine, (West Florida) on the 9th ult. after a few days illness, Lieut. William S. Butler, of the United States Navy.

In the 37th year of her age, Mrs. Susan Warner, wife of Mr. Leonard Warner.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 40 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

Communicated

BY JULIA FRANCESCA.

*Extract from Pratt's much-admired
Poem of*
SYMPATHY.

ONCE, and not far from where those
seats are seen,
Just where yon white huts peep the
copse between,
A damsel languish'd, all her kin were
gone,
For God, who lent, resum'd them one
by one ;
Disease and penury in cruel strife
Had ravish'd all the decent means of
life ;
E'en the mark'd crown, her lover's
gift she gave
In filial duty for a father's grave,
That so the honour'd clay which caus'd
her birth,
Might slumber peaceful in the sacred
earth,
Chim'd to its grass-green home with
pious peal.
While hallow'd dirges hymn the last
farewell ;
Her lover too, untimely snatch'd away,
A lover—husband on the bridal day !
At length those piercing woes her sense
invade,
And lone and long the hapless wanderer
stray'd
O'er the black heath, around the un-
measur'd wood,
Up the huge precipice, or near the
flood ;
She mounts the rock at midnight's aw-
ful hour,
Enjoys the gloom, and idly mocks the
shower ;
Now scorns her fate, then patient bends
the knee,
And courts each pitying star to set her
free ;

Then starting wilder, thinks those stars
her foes,
Smites her sad breast, and laughs
amidst her woes ;
Oft would she chase the bee, or braid
the grass,
Or crop the hedge flower, or disorder'd
pass ;
Else, restless loiter in the pathless mead,
Sing to the birds at roost, the lambs at
feed ;
Or if a nest she found the brakes among,
No hand of hers destroy'd the promis'd
young ;
And when kind nature brought the
balmy sleep,
Too soon she woke to wander and to
weep ;
Across her breast the tangled tresses
flew,
And phrensied glances all around she
threw ;
Th' unsettle'd soul those phrensied
glances speak,
And tears of terror hurry down her
cheek :
Yet still that eye was bright, that cheek
was fair,
Though pale the rose, the lily blossom'd
there.
A wandering swain the beauteous ma-
niac found,
Her woes wild warbling to the rocks
around ;
A river roll'd beside, aghast she ran,
Her vain fears startling at the sight of
man ;
And " save me, God ! my father's
ghost ! " she cry'd,
Then headlong plung'd into the flash-
ing tide.
The youth pursues—but wild the wa-
ters rose,
And o'er their heads in circling surges
close,
Not heaven-born Sympathy itself could
save ;
Both, both, alas ! were whelm'd be-
neath the wave.